

# HICKLEDY-PICKLEDY:

O R,

## The Yorkshire Curates Complaint.

To the Tune of *Alas, poor Scholar, &c.*

**H**Uth, Poetaſters, that abuſe  
Apollo, and blaſpheme the Muſe ;  
That ( like the Senator of worth )  
Conceiue, and yet bring nothing forth :  
Or, like that Lyon-ſeeming Aſs,  
Who ( in the name of Hudibras )  
Fool of his penny hath beguil'd,  
And plaid at Hot-cockles with Wild :  
Or like thoſe Pamphleteers, who ( laſt Week )  
Canted in tone of Prynne and Baſtwick ;  
Filling the Change with falſe Tradition  
Of Chelmsford's Vicar's Circumciſion,  
Who loſt his Tithes, ( as Story tells )  
For he was Guelt of nothing elſe.

Nor need we Gouty Doctor's Tongue,  
Who got a Pars'nage for a Song ;  
Chirping in phraſe of Robert Wiſdome,  
But ſince the fiſt of Auguſt is dumb :  
Whoſe Antler fair as Chimney-ſtock,  
Whoſe Cheeks as ſmoothe as Punching-block ;  
Whoſe Shanks like Dog-horſe Farſie-legs,  
Whoſe Teeth like Crispins Holly-pegs,  
And Leather-ears, were all Retainers  
To the Right Worſhipful Cordwainers :  
And beſides this, his Noping Pate  
That ſpeaks him famous Huſon's Mate,  
( This in the Church, that in the State,  
Did Text as well as Shoos tranſlate )  
We ſcorn. Now fie of his unſav'ry Drolls,  
With which he Flie-blow'd Bumpkins Souls.

But if the vertue of Small-Beer,  
Chriſt'nings, and Twenty Marks a year,  
Can brain with Fancy rich inſpire,  
And teach an Aſs to tune a Lyre,  
Who felt for Poetry, but miſt her,  
Laying his Clutches on her Siſter  
Hight Poverty : and ſince that time,  
Borrow'd in Proſe, and paid in Rime :

Then liſten, Lordlings, unto one  
At Goffipings yclep'd Sir John ;  
Who is no better nor no worſe  
Then Lazy Doctor's Stalking-horſe ;  
The Lazy Prieſt, who ( like to Cripple )  
Supports each Arm with Crutch of Steeple ;  
And ( when his crazy bulk grows ſick )  
Stumbles into a Biſhoprick.  
Religious man ! who more condoles  
The want of Tithes, then loſs of Souls ;  
And when both Men and Corn are mown,  
Sceks not Gods Harveſt, but his own :  
Who plays with Simoniack Doxy,  
And in the Pulpit ſpeaks by Proxy ;  
Whilſt Curate Poor, that bears the heat  
Of Morning, and the Evening ſweat ;  
And doth his Congregation foſter  
With 'Poſtles Creed, and Pater Noſter ;  
Diſpenſing ( in theſe times of dotage )  
That which blind Seſtaries call Pottage ;  
Is Slave to Avaritious Maſter,  
For Reſtor rides on back of Paſtor.

Had I been Preſbyter, perhaps  
I might have waſh'd my Zealous Chaps  
With blood of Grape, and left the County  
To taſte th' unconstant City's Bounty ;  
And ( as to Calamy it happens )  
Been ſtrange Decoy-bird to dead Capons.  
Thus might I graze ( like Royal Beaſt )  
And never taſte the Wiſemans Feaſt :  
But tedious is the Curate's way,  
For he muſt Faſt as well as Pray :  
But if the Parliament will ſmother  
One Prieſt with Cures, and ſtarve another,  
The Tott'ring Clergy muſt ſubmit  
To Preſbyter or Jeſuit :  
For Liturgy will looſe her Glory  
'Twixt Maſs-book and the Direſtory.

By T. P.